

NORTHERN



JUNKET



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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

A fellow asked me the other day, "Why do you go to folk dance camp?" Now there is a good question. Speaking only for myself here are some of the reasons. Most important of all are the friendships acquired. You never really know a person until you have danced, sung, and worked together at a folk dance camp. The inner self comes out and is subjected to full view of the whole camp.

Under such conditions it doesn't take long to find out what a person is really like. Camp friendships are lasting friendships.

Then, there is a wealth of information to be acquired. Not only about dances, but other allied subjects; folk songs, lore, costumes and cooking.

There comes a time when every camper realizes how LITTLE he knows about even a simple dance; such as proper style and form. They are what keeps every dance from looking alike.

It is true that we may never do a dance exactly as a native would do it. But we can try. And in the trying will come a better understanding of our fellow men.

Sincerely

Ralph Page

MAINE FOLK DANCE CAMP



It is a difficult task to write in glowing terms about the September Folk Dance Camp in Maine without running afoul of the sceptics and the over critical, who are only too glad of the chance to point a scorn-

ful finger and yowl "Yah-h-h! You said the same about the spring camp." Over emphasis defeats its own purpose, so we'll try to keep the adjectives at a minimum. Let's look at the camp thru a leader's eye.

It is not necessary to have mobs of people to have a successful camp. The saturation point is reached at about one hundred as far as getting personal help from the leaders is concerned.

We arrived at Sunset Inn, on Kezar Lake, the second night of camp; had a hurried snack of Mrs. Maxwell's superlative cooking; grabbed an armful of records and walked up the grade to the dance hall to find the regular evening party just getting under way. From then until the following Monday morning the grounds and surroundings were echoing to the happy voices and dancing feet of folk dance lovers who came from Richmond, Virginia, Mapleton, Maine, and many places between.

The first section was made up of thirty five campers. Twenty five were leaders of dance groups, school teachers, or extension workers. The others were there because they liked to dance. Believe me, they all got a lot of help from the four lead



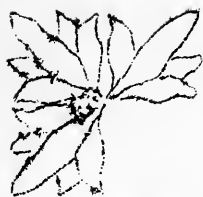
Michael's
and Ralph's
favorite
utensils

-ers. In fact, the campers were so attentive, and paid so much attention to all details that they gave a very creditable performance of the Beseda, the last day of camp. Not a polished performance you understand-not in that short space of time-but they got enough of it to see what a gorgeous dance it might be.

Don't get the idea that because we stumbled through the Beseda that we did only complex and difficult dances. No indeed. Aside from that one dance all the others were quite easy. A great deal of time was spent in teaching good form and the proper style of every dance. We quickly discovered that there was a great deal to learn about every dance, no matter how simple the figures might be. There is a great joy in doing a simple dance correctly.

Breakfast was from 8 to 9 every morning, and no one ever slept; the early risers saw to that. Then dancing until noon with the time evenly divided between American squares and contras and International dances. Dinner was at 12:30 with a different nationality meal each day. More dancing from 2 to 4. Then afternoon coffee and a light snack followed by a discussion period. Supper was at 6:30, another nationality meal. A party every night 8 to 11, during which we were joined by many of the townspeople. Everyone at the parties was invited to join the campers in a late cup of coffee and a bite to eat in the lounge, followed by folk singing that lasted as long as anyone wanted to sing.

The nationality meals, prepared under the capable eye of Mrs. Maxwell of West Virginia, were



something to rave about the reat of your life. We've said this before, but it will bear repeating:you've never really eaten until you have eaten a meal at a folk dance camp managed by Jane Farwell and cooked by Mrs.Maxwell. How they do it for the price charged is beyond all human understanding.

The only meal that I did not particularly care for was the supper of Indian Eight Boy Curry.And it was all my own fault,too. For some good reason supper time was advanced a half hour and at 6 o'clock when the supper bell rang,I was in the middle of a shower. As if that were not enough right in the middle of the meal there came a long distance 'phone call from New Haven, Conn. and by the time that was ended the Indian Eight Boy Curry was a cold insipid meal. We always learn the hard way,it seems,and never again did I take meal-time for granted. Mr.and Mrs. Jack Wilson of Richmond,Virginia,were on this particular supper committee,and Jack was a most impressive Indian,all six foot eight of him.

Michael Herman preserved his standing at the head of every chow line. A veteran of many folk dance camps,Michael knew to the split second when the dinner bell would ring. Apparently absorbed in listening to a group chatting about a new dance just learned,he would nonchalantly stroll away toward the dining hall just as the bell rang. It was psychic,nothing less.

There was more than enough to eat at every meal too,and a good thing there was,for there were some able trenchermen at camp. Notably Dick Castner,Dave Ashman,and "Obie" O'brien. I'd like my accordionist,Bob McQuillen,there sometime. What a good time that quartet would have eating together.



The dining room underwent a complete change of motif for each nationality meal. A striking example was the Smorgasbord supper, Sunday night. Another, deserving special mention was the New England farm scene, complete, even to smoke lazings up from the chimney. And before leaving the subject of eating, much praise should be given Bill Holt of Portland, for his Italian street

How I felt after five successive Kucharichka kolos. ***** singer role. Thru-
 ***** * out this meal, he
 strolled about the dining room singing a song for each table. The fact that every "Italian" tune was made up on the spur of the moment added more to the scene than otherwise. Incidentally, you lovers of folk songs will be hearing a lot more of Bill Holt before many years go by. A protegee of Richard Dyer-Bennett, he is sure to reach the top as a folk singer.

The second section was a capacity camp-75. This included ten or twelve "hangovers" from the first section. About the same proportion of teachers and dancers too. The folks staying over from the first section, volunteered themselves as a committee to completely change the over-all decorations of the main dining room. It's about time to say that the main theme of this September camp was Swiss Alpine.

It had rained cats, dogs, and large cannon balls the night before, and during the early morning too, but it let up in the middle of the forenoon and we were able to scour the woods in search of autumn leaves and greenery for the overhead



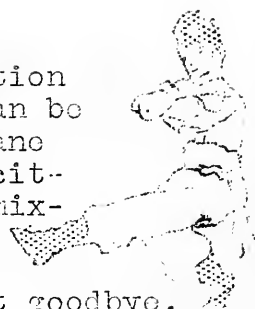
decorations. Sure, we got wet, but what of it? We kept moving and you don't catch cold if you do that. And we probably looked like drowned rats to the early arrivals of the second section. Only two of them saw us at our worst: Herb Warren of Fairlee, Vt. and Charlotte Blaine of Jaffrey, N.H. and they were both old friends. Michael recorded for posterity some of working moments. Right in the middle of it all, someone put on a kolo record and for two or three minutes work was forgotten.

This is beginning to sound like a work camp or kitchen detail. The dance hit of the camp without question was the Kucharichko kolo (and I hope I've spelled it right) Even before we had learned the dance, its insistent and compelling rhythm was so fascinating that the record was played over and over again. After learning it, we danced it at the slightest provocation or without any. There were several records of it at camp and it got so that it was a disappointment not to dance it a couple of times after each meal.

Alexandrofska and the Honeysuckle Waltz were favorites also. The latter calling for some nice coordination, although the figures were relativ-

-ly easy.

The opening night of each section was get acquainted night. This can be a very dull and dreary affair. Jane Farwell however, makes it very exciting with an excellent choice of mixers and play party games. At the end of the party the camp was a unit and continued so to the last goodbye. Have always detested play party games. With Jane leading them they are fun, as they are supposed to be.



Volunteer committees for the evening parties made each one different from the previous one. Two that stand out in our minds were the Kitchen Junket party that carried over after the late coffee snack with some beautiful folk songs by Bill Holt, and an impersonation that half the camp is still puzzling over. Then there was the Ukrainian Wedding given on the final night of camp that would have done credit to professional performers. Of course a stunning bride and groom did not detract from the occasion. Never, never, shall we forget the look on the face of the best man (Dick Castner) while he was eating bread and salt. Lake Kezar lowered quite perceptibly as soon as the ceremony was ended.

Mary Ann Horman was excellent in the role of narrator. All we had to do was to act out her descriptions. She was the one who made it a success. The wedding theme was carried out for the entire party. We even threw money into a hat for the privilege of dancing with the "bride". This "dowry" was turned into the general fund of the camp and went to help pay for the evening refreshments for the non campers visiting us. Not 'til the party was most over did I discover that it was my hat being kicked around the



floor. Have needed a fishing hat for quite a while.

Concluding the evening's activities was the street fair and country auction that is becoming as traditional to the Maine camps as the McCoy-Hatfield camps at Oglobay. We paid for all our refreshments then sold everything that was not nailed down. The "souvenirs brought good prices, too. Alan Draper spelled me as an auctioneer and he did a darn

ed good job. During the party Mrs. Maxwell had sold chances on a folk dance shirt and a real authentic Swiss costume. The winning numbers, drawn during a break in the auction, were held by Mr. Farrington, Center Lovell, Maine, and whose hall we had used for dancing, and Mrs. Don O'Brien of North Bridgton, Maine. (The dress fitted her).

Long after the rest of the camp was asleep a dozen of us sat around the dining room. We got Bill Holt to singing folk songs and giving imitations of noted folk singers. We relived the events of the camp, and told the new people about funny episodes of other folk dance camps. We finally broke it up about four a.m. We could no longer hold up our heads nor keep our eyes open.

Yes, September 12-19, 1949 will live forever in the memories of over a hundred folk dancers. All through the winter we'll remember the Alpine glow of the sunset behind the White Mts. and remember the words of Gus Heim. "No matter where you go, there's something about those mountains that call you back." (R.P.)

I LIKE DANCING

By MURRAY DRILLER

Sections of our country, because of its climate, background and history of its peoples, exhibits many types of dancing, and that's good, cause I like dancing.

New England has its contras which have become characteristic through its people and its leaders, and it's great, 'cause I like dancing.

California has a flair for decoration as well as an ability for making new folk dances, and it's wonderful, 'cause I like dancing.

Colorado, with outstanding leaders and schools of dance, have revived and are reviving the Old Tyme Dances, and are continually experimenting with new types and versions of Square Dances, and it's marvelous, 'cause I like dancing.

Texas, with its different parts and many influences has come forward with many types of stylish lingo, patter, and square dance steps as well as dances, and I say we are moving along, 'cause I like dancing.

If you gather from this article that I approve of it all, you're right, because with all the differences in Folk and Square Dancing offered by our leaders, which has led to the advancement of Folk and Square Dancing to where it is today. We have advanced BECAUSE of the variety, which is the spice of dancing, and BECAUSE of the hard work of the leaders, and so again I say it's great, 'cause I LIKE DANCING.

REPORT FROM THE ALBANY FOLK DANCERS

Saturday nights during the summer many of us danced at Schneider's Farm at Nassau Lake, where Reuben Merchant, our caller, and his Mountaineers led weekly dances. Arnold Waxman's Tuesday night square and folk dance group met at the Jewish Community Center throughout the summer.

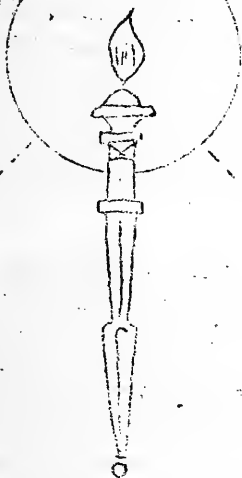
About 15 of those who came to our Friday night dances last spring had a bad case of "dancing feet" and didn't mind the heat, so we also had special folk dance meetings on Wednesday night all summer. This crew has learned many new dances and practiced up on the old ones. They have also started to make costumes for exhibition folk dancing. Toward the end of the summer this group decided to continue permanently as a group interested primarily in folk dancing; they gave themselves the name "The Albany Folk Dancers".

Regular Friday night dances are starting on September 23, at the Guild Hall of the Cathedral of All Saints. Special events and plans for the future will be announced at that time. Admission is 50¢ and we plan a special low price to groups who come in squares.

The Albany Folk Dancers have been invited to dance at the folk festival in Rockefeller Center in September. Due to the fact that our group isn't yet completely costumed, active participation will have to wait for another year. Six of our group are going down to watch and perhaps photograph some of the dances. We also plan to go out to the Community Folk Dance Center some Saturday night for some New York Folk Dancing.

WHAT ONE TOWN IS DOING

BRYANT POND, MAINE



No other town in the state of Maine has gone in more wholeheartedly for square and folk dancing than Bryant Pond. Every week a combination square and folk dance party is held in the Grange Hall. Started as a means of affording the boys and girls of the town with good wholesome recreation, there are now many of the older people getting just

as much fun and relaxation from these get togethers as the youngsters.

Interest in this form of recreation began when Miss Jane Farwell of Dodgeville, Wisconsin, head of the Rural Recreation Service came to Oxford County in the spring of 1947. This visit was sponsored by the Extension Service. Miss Farwell taught two recreation schools, each of which lasted three days. She taught the leaders of young people's groups how to conduct play party games and dances of all sorts.

As a result of her visit there was formed an Oxford County Recreation Council, the purpose of which was to make trips to nearby towns in the county to teach these dances. However the Council did not carry out as full a program as planned, but a repeat visit by Miss Farwell the next year provided the necessary stimulus, and from

then on the Council began going places.

Added impetus to the movement was given by an article written by one of the high school girls about juvenile delinquency. This was printed in the school paper and featured her comments to the effect that when older people discussed the pranks of the boys and girls of the town they forgot that they were providing them with nothing in the way of clean wholesome recreation.

The adults of the town took the hint and began to think things over and discuss it among themselves. The girl had been right. They were providing absolutely nothing for their children to do in their spare time. No wonder the kids were getting into more and more serious escapades. To the everlasting credit of the parents they did something about it, and a square dance was tried. It worked. At first sponsored by the 4H clubs it soon became a jointly sponsored party by the Franklin Grange and the 4H clubs.

Every dance night the hall was crowded with enthusiastic youngsters. Their parents soon caught on to the idea and the parties became truly family affairs. They not only came with their children, but danced with them after they came. Music was, and is furnished by a record player and square dance records. The player was donated by the Grange and the records by the 4H clubs and their leaders. Each social is usually held on Monday night and lasts from 8 o'clock until 10:30.

The young people soon became folk costume conscious and seem to like dirndle or full skirts and frilly blouses for the girls or bodice type dresses with full skirts. The boys prefer dungarees or slacks with sport or Western type shirt.

The young people know at least twenty folk dances and as many square and contras. They do them well too, which is astounding for a group of their age limit. And most important of all they dance them joyously, which, after all is the only way to dance.

Certainly this is a worthwhile program for a town to sponsor. Larger places might well do the same. If recreation is not provided under adult supervision, you may be sure the kids will seek out whatever recreation they can find. If, thru thoughtlessness nothing is done for them, it is not surprising if a few of them wander off the beaten track. They will be staunch supporters if their elders will find something suitable for them to do with their spare time.

Square and folk dancing has proved the answer at Bryant Pond. It is bringing enjoyment to old and young, especially the young. What could be more pleasant than a weekly gathering of neighbors eagerly awaiting the call to "balance the next below" or "swing your partner."

Some of the leaders of the Bryant Pond group are: Mrs. Miriam McAllister, Mr. & Mrs. Earle Whitney, Mr. & Mrs. Jay Willard, Mr. & Mrs. Otis Dudley, Phyllis Hathaway, Alice Farnum, and Richard Cole.

On the Oxford County Council are: Mrs. Otis Dudley, Keith Bates, Rev. Wilbur Bull, Rev. Carl Seaburg, Miss Hope Moody, and Mrs. Buelah Staples.

The program will have far reaching results. Much more far reaching than anyone involved now realizes. As said in these pages months ago: you folk dancers will do well to keep your eye on Maine. And keep close watch also on a young 12 year old caller this group has developed.

SQUARE DANCE

Swing Two Ladies -- Music, any Irish jig. I like
to use "The Low Backed Car"

Use any introduction you wish, then:

Join your hands and forward all
Forward again for the good of the hall
The head two men take two girls home.

(Their corners as well as their partners.

Thus the two head men have their partner at
their right and their corner girl beside
them at their left. The two side men stand
in place alone)

Head gents turn partner with right hand around
Their corner lady with the left hand around
They put their arms around both girls waists
And swing them both around in place.
Open it up in a circle of three
And three hands around you go
Pop the corner lady under
Everybody swing and don't you blunder
And all promenade around the ring.

The figure is repeated for the side gents.
It may also be done for but one man at a time.
It all depends on how the caller is feeling or
how much time he has for the figure.

In the swing two ladies figure, it is a lot
safer if the two girls join their free hands.
The figure should be done clockwise, and for
goodness' sake men, hold on tight.

COUNTRY DANCE

Lady Walpole's Reel -- Any tune your fiddler can play.

Any even number of couples in contra dance formation. Before the dance starts, 1st, 3rd, 5th, etc cross over. They are the active couples.

Balance and swing the one below
Active couples down the center with partner
Same way back, cast off and ladies chain
Half promenade across the set
Turn around and right and left back.
continue as long as desired or until all
have returned to original places.

Lady Walpole's Reel is probably the most popular of all our contra dances. No dance is considered complete without it. In many places it is known as Lady Washington's Reel. It was no doubt given this latter name about the time of the Revolutionary War.

There is a variant of this dance known in Vermont as The Boston Fancy. I believe the same variant is also found in Maine.

There was no one tune that country fiddlers associated with the dance. They played any 2/4 reel that came to mind, and frequently used a medley of tunes. I learned the dance to the tune known as Twin Sisters. And I now call the figure to my fiddler's version of Fireman's Reel.

How many of you noticed the mistake in last month's contry dance? It is the 1st, 3rd etc. couples that cross over. Not the 1st, 2nd, etc. Impossible to do a contra dance with the 1st & 2nd couples crossing over. At least I've never seen it done successfully.

FOLK DANCE

Totur

Danish



The Dance

Learned at Maine Folk Dance Camp, 1949 from Michael and Mary Herman.

Formation: Circle, facing in to center, ladies at partners right. For as many couples as will

Intro: Measures 1-8. All join hands and walk to left sixteen walking steps.

Meas. 1-8 repeated. All walk to right sixteen walking steps.

Figure 1

Couples take social dance position. Dance forward to center of circle with these steps: Men, step forward on left foot (ct. 1) bring right foot to left (ct. and) step forward on left foot (ct. 2) hold (ct. and). Ladies reverse of men. This is done on meas. 9-10

Meas. 10. Couples take two walking steps to the center. Man steps forward on right, left. Lady steps forward on left, right. Think of this figure like this: step together step. step step.

Meas.11-12.Couples retrace steps backward in similar manner as in meas.9-10.

Meas.13-16.Couples do polka,turning clockwise,and moving counterclockwise.Four polka steps. KEEP IN CIRCLE FORMATION.

Meas.(19-16 repeated) Repeat entire first fig.

Figure 2

Meas.1-8.Couples give right hands to partners and do grand right and left.Use either a walking step or polka step,depending on your age or physical condition.

Meas.1-8 repeated.Continue grand right and left. Then repeat entire dance from figure 1 with new partner. Continue the dance as long as desired.

This easy Danish dance is an ideal mixer.It is a wonderful introduction to folk dancing. A great many people have the idea that they do not like folk dances.Usually it is because they have never tried any.We like what we are most used to,and too many dancers resent anything new,especially a European dance. It is important that your first folk dance be an easy one done to a catchy tune and Totur is an answer to this.(Incidently it is pronounced,ToeToor)We have seen the dance done by a great many folks who had a strong aversion to "folk dancing" and while it would be untrue to say that every one there became devotees of folk dancing,about a third of them did so and the rest were far more tolerant of such activity than ever before.

We have heard it said that "all Danes dance months before they are born and for years after they are dead." They must be a happy people;their dances are such fun to do.

The Irish Girl



One evening as I strayed
 Down by the riverside,
 A looking all around me
 An Irish girl I spied;
 So red and rosy were her cheeks,
 And yellow was her hair,
 And costly were the robes of gold
 Which my Irish girl did wear.

Her boots were Spanish leather,
 Which neatly did untie,
 Her hair hung o'er her shoulders,
 And she did begin to sigh,
 Saying, "Jamie, dearest Jamie,
 By the marks of the overgreen,
 Are you a-going to leave me,
 And forsake your own Mollie?"

My own true love is fairer
 Than the lillies that do grow,
 She has a voice that's clearer
 Than any winds that blow,

She's the promise of this country,
 Like Venus in the air,
 And let her go where're she will,
 She's the one and only dear.

My love, she'll not come nigh me
 For all the moan I make,
 And neither will she pity me
 Though my poor heart will break;
 But were I of a noble birth
 And she of low degree,
 She'd hear my lamentations
 And love and pity me.

This is one of the most tuneful of all the shanty boys' songs. It is from an Irish song "The Maid of Timahoe." This is natural enough when it is remembered that many of our first lumber-jacks were Irish, or of Irish derivation.

The expression found in the second verse "by the marks of evergreen" is an Anglicized version of the Gaelic "och an agus a stoirin mo chroidhe" meaning "alas, and Oh treasurelet of my heart."

A SHORT OUTLINE OF MINSTRELSY

"The man that hath not music in his soul,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds
 Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils.
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted."

Shakspeare

Minstrelsy reached its zenith about the time of the Middle Ages. The minstrels themselves, pampered by the noblemen, were an order or guild of men gained a high standard of living by skillful use of the arts of poetry and music. Their predecessors were the ancient Bards, who were greatly admired and held in reverence by

the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and the North.



From this attitude of the Britons toward their Bards it is easy to conclude that they were lovers of vocal and instrumental music.

"Sometimes," says Bertholinus, "when two armies were standing in order of battle, with their swords drawn and their lances extended, upon the point of engaging in most furious conflict, the poets have stepped in between them, and by their soft and fascinating songs calmed the fury of the warriors,

and prevented bloodshed." The scalds were the poets and musicians of all the northern nations; and upon the establishment of the Saxons in Britain, the courts of the kings and the castles of the nobles afforded welcome asylum to these early minstrels.

Among the Danish tribes that over-ran and conquered Britain, the Scalds were held in highest esteem. The word means "smoothers and polishers of language." Their art was believed to come from Odin, or Woden, the father of their gods, and their skill was thought to be divine; and they were continually being loaded with honors and rewards by their kings, who boasted of the prowess of the Scalds attached to their households.

In the early centuries it was customary at banquets and feasts to hand a harp from one person to another, and everyone there played upon it in turn, singing a song to its music. These songs were probably extemporaneous and in self

praise of the singer or his family.

It is probable that cultivated music was but little known until after the conversion of the Jutes and Angles to Christianity, when missionaries arrived from Rome to instruct the converts in the art of choral singing as practiced by the early church. As long as they kept their manners and beliefs their Scalds were held in high estimation. In proportion as literature was introduced among them this rude admiration would begin to abate, and poetry no longer be a peculiar and coveted profession.

Poetry was cultivated by men of letters, and many of the most popular poems were composed in the quiet leisure of the monasteries. Poets and minstrels therefore traveled adjacent but different paths. The minstrels continued their vocation for centuries, till long after the Norman conquest in fact. They were still hospitably received in the houses of the great and retained many of the honors their predecessors had gained for them. Most of the old heroic ballads were composed by these men. Especially the shorter and ruder metrical romances. The many variants found is proof that they had no scruples about altering each others songs; omitting or changing whole stanzas as they saw fit.

Most of the early minstrels clung religiously to the art of entertaining by singing or playing the harp. Gradually though, more and more of their numbers added mimicry, dancing, tumbling, and sleight of hand to amuse their audiences. To these latter was given the name of gleemen.

About the time of the first crusade we find them mentioned in Provence as troubadours, or sometimes trouveurs or inventors. Here, as in England, they were the delight of the brave and

favorites of the fair, because they sang the deeds of the one and the beauties of the other.

The French troubadours became the founders of French song, and effected a revolution in the early literature of that country. Traveling from province to province they sang their verses in the courts of the princes and were amply rewarded with clothes, horses, arms and money.

Many of the historian monks complained of the hordes of troubadours that coronations or every royal festival allured to the courts. For none of the earls or barons considered their household complete without them. This jealousy fostered by the church, eventually brought about the downfall of the troubadours. So much money was lavished upon them for their maintenance, that the public treasuries were often drained. If encouragement produces excellence, then these performers ought not to have been deficient in skill.

Froissart, recording an entertainment given by Gaston, Earl of Foix, says that he bestowed on the heralds and minstrels the sum of 500 francs; and to the Duke of Tourayn's minstrels gowns, of cloth of gold furred with ermine, valued at 200 francs each. A princely sum for those days.

From Domesday-book it appears that Berdic, the king's jocular, had lands in Gloucestershire. Royer, Henry 1's minstrel, founded the hospital and priory of St. Bartholomew, in West Springfield; and bretheren of the same order contributed towards building the church of St. Mary at Beverly, in Yorkshire, as an inscription on one of the pillars still attests.

During the reign of Edward 11, the minstrels claimed such extensive privileges, and so many

dissolute persons assumed that character, that it became necessary to restrain them by express laws. They made an exception however in favor of professional performers and minstrels retained by the king.

A century later, Edward IV, granted to Walter Haliday, marshall, and seven others of his own minstrels, a charter, empowering them to govern and punish when necessary, all such as exercised the profession throughout the kingdom.

This charter neither corrected the abuses, nor retrieved the reputation of the fraternity, which fell into a gradual decline in England. By the time of Queen Elizabeth they were included in an act against vagrants, rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars, and subjected to the like punishments--an edict which seems to have been the deathblow to this once highly honored profession.

Notwithstanding the depths to which the profession ultimately sank, we owe a great debt to art of minstrelsy. They were not only preservers of our early history; they were creators of great literature as well. Notably the sagas and eddas of the Norsemen.

Without them the deeds of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table would be lost in historic oblivion. Without them Robin Hood and his Merry Men would long since have been forgotten. History would be a far duller subject than it is without the minstrels who sang and thus preserved the events of their time.

(to be continued)

FOLK LORE



Attics are wonderful places, especially an attic as grandfather had. It occupied the whole top story of the old farm house and was a veritable treasure chest of discarded clothes, years and years of copies of the "Youth's Companion, New England Homestead, Farm Journal," and piles of forgotten utensils once used around the farm or in the kitchen.

Once, when a small boy, I found a big sieve-like object, the likes of which I'd never seen before. On either side of it were two large "raspers" on loops of tarred string hanging from two hand whittled maple pegs. Like many others of his age, Grandfather was always ready to reminisce, and he told me that the contraption was used to make potato starch, and proceeded to tell me how he used to help his mother make it. He proposed that, just for fun, we take time off and see if we could make a worthwhile product.

So we took the sieve and rasps and a wooden washtub from the shed, down to the brook back of the house. One more trip to the cellar for a heaping peck measure of potatoes and a stiff bristled brush. My job was to scrub the potatoes clean while grandfather scoured the long neglected sieve and rasps and rinsed out the tub.

The sieve, resting on two cross pieces, was then placed on the wash tub, which had been filled with water. Both of us then began to grate the potatoes, skins and all, into pails. The resulting pulp was spread out a little at a time upon the surface of the wire sieve, and gently pressed down with a wooden paddle, afterward

scraping the residue into the pig's trough. When we had scraped the entire peck of potatoes and the "raspins" had all gone through the screening, we left the mess to "settle" over night.

Next morning we found the raspings floating on the surface of the water, but a milk-white substance had gathered and settled to the bottom of the tub. Grandfather carefully skimmed off the raspings, and with great care poured off the water so as not to disturb the "settling". Then we carried the tub to a nearby rock and spread the starchy paste on the ledge to dry out in the bright sunlight. By late afternoon our paste had become a brittle cake, which we broke up into small lumps, hardly to be distinguished from modern laundry starch.

Grandfather told me, too, that frequently the farmers would knead wheat flour into the potato pulp, and press this mixture through the sieve, and following the same process of drying they obtained wheat flour starch. A barrel of potatoes averaged about twenty pounds of starch. Aside from the more modern type of machinery, the process of manufacturing potato starch is fundamentally the same today as it was a century ago.

"Just had a woman in my cab from Connecticut" remarked a friendly Boston cab driver, "and she told me about the bad time a fellow in her town is giving all the people. You know in Connecticut they have a letter and a small number on the automobile registration plates. Well, it seems this guy is an indertaker. And the plate on his hearse is U-2." (Joe Harrinton in Boston Post)

There's nothing quite so painful as a nose that's out of joint.

The easiest way to go down hill is to get off on the wrong slant.

According to the World Book Encyclopedia the expression "the real McCoy" came about like this


A gentleman by the name of McCoy one afternoon was minding his business drinking a glass of beer in a corner saloon. He was approached by a drunk who, in a loud voice and for no reason at all, said very unkind things about McCoy and his ancestry.

Friends of the drunk tried to drag him away, explaining that this was the great McCoy--one of the top prize fighters of the day. The drunk snorted his disbelief and continued his abusive tactics until McCoy turned and flattened him with one punch.

When the heckler came to, he shook his head, rubbed his jaw and said: "You're right; he's the real McCoy." This story was told over and over until the expression came to mean "genuine."

Last spring a flu epidemic hit the town of Hancock, N.H. causing suspension of all services in the church of the town. This was the first time in over 70 years that services were not held due to general illness, and recalls the old story that in the days when Hancock's Paul Revere bell was tolled for deaths and there were many desperately ill, the bell began tolling one solemn stroke at noon each day. The church was watched but no one went in, yet the bell tolled once each noon.

Finally, a brave soul went into the belfry to find out who came and tolled the bell, only to discover that a man was shooting across from a neighboring hill, the bullet striking the bell. Justice was meted out to the man and the bell never again tolled its solemn stroke at noon.



New England bows its head to no other part of the country in the art of cooking. Every small town has many natural cooks who are "born with a mixing spoon in one hand and a rolling pin in the other." They established the boiled dinner as a Thursday institution, and baked beans and brown bread as a Saturday night supper. They invented baked Indian pudding and apple pandowdy.

Corn was a gift from the Indians and it did not take our ancestors long to find ways of improving the Indian corn mills. One of the early settlers favorite dishes was corn meal pudding, or to give it the more general term, hasty pudding. Hundreds of New Englanders were raised on corn meal mush and milk, and like it too. Everyone who has heard anything about New England cooking knows of the famous Rhode Island jonny cakes. (yes, it's sometimes spelled "johnny")

The kitchen was the heart of the early New England home; a place where good food was continuously in preparation. The men of the family might "set" there in the evening, but it was the woman's battlefield and her sanctuary, and she ran two miles across its floors before breakfast.

A New England farmhouse without a pork barrel in the cellar was something that just did not happen. "Salt pork 'n p'taters" was a standard

dish. Present day nutritionists might faint in horror at its mention, but it was a mighty tasty meal, and I'd like some for dinner.

HASTY PUDDING

2½ cups boiling water.

1 cup corn meal

¾ teaspoon salt



Put salted water in a deep kettle and bring to a vigorous boil. Then pour in the corn meal, SLOWLY, stirring it all the time. Cook 30 minutes. Or if you use a double boiler, cook for one hour. Serve with plenty of milk in deep bowls. Sweeten to taste with maple syrup, honey, molasses or brown sugar.

FRIED HASTY PUDDING

Prepare pudding as above. Pour the hot mush into a buttered tin and set in a cool place overnight. For breakfast, remove the mush from pan, cut in thin slices, roll in flour and panfry in hot fat til crisp. Serve with bacon.

CREAM OF TARTAR BISCUIT

1 qt flour (sifted)

2 level teaspoons soda

4 " " cream of tartar

1 " " salt

Take thick sweet cream and sweet milk, half and half, stir in enough to moisten the flour. Turn the dough on a floured bread board and roll out quickly. Don't be stingy on the size of these biscuits; cut them out large, and bake in a hot oven. Serve with honey, maple syrup, or home made butter, don't shame them with tasteless store salve, and you won't be able to clear off the table til they are all gone.



LABOR DAY IN FAIRLEE, VT.

Labor Day, the Fairlee Recreation Council sponsored a square dance festival under the direction of Ed Durlacher, nationally known square dance leader.

Held at the Lake Morey Casino, the forenoon session attracted interested persons from all over New England. First, there came a demonstration of the basic fundamentals of square dancing by means of Durlacher records: the right approach to arouse interest; simple explanations, and a walking step that leads into a figure; mastery of easy forms that arouse a desire to improve form and learn new figures.

Will Ayer, well known for his 60 odd years of fiddling, told of his early days and gave his version of traditional fiddle tunes. Frances Kiely explained her use of square dancing in school for educational purposes. Evelyn Springstead, teacher of art and music, brought out the connection of interest in square dancing and in costume making. Gene Gowing, an associate of Ralph Page in the Folkways School of the Dance in Peterboro, N.H. commented on conditions in New England from his point of view as caller, teacher, and leader. Herbert Warren sketched the relation of the festival with the general recreation program in Vermont. Benjamin Lovett, Henry Ford's prompter during the latter's revival of old fashioned dances, related his experiences in Dearborn, and urged that square dances be used as a means of social training for young people.

The afternoon 'teen-ager party was a fine example of what can be done with records. The way that Ed inveigled the less hardy souls onto the floor was a good lesson in mass psychology. As a diversion, a group from the Fairlee school put on a demonstration of their square dancing at

school to Durlacher records; then Ed gave then a review and examination: a square dance medley, specially called with lively music, a different dance figure for each of the couples in the set. Then the unexpected happened: Rev. and Mrs. Chester Fisk of Hanover, N.H. with their youth group made a grand contribution to the occasion with a spectacular exhibition of folk dancing-couple dance with a foreign flavor-that is following fast on the heels of the square dance wave.

The evening party for all came up to the expectations of everybody concerned, onlookers and dancers, young and old. Caller and orchestra worked smoothly together, and it was a delight to see the dancers respond in unison all over the hall. The "Right Approach" from behind the mike got the right results. The Fairlee school group gave another demonstration to Jimmy Packard's music with Ed at the mike. The varied program provided plenty of interest and made a grand good time for everybody. Especially impressive to the observer casting an eye about the hall for reactions were the hundreds of happy faces and the pleased expressions.

Ed Durlacher's contribution to the manifold success of the festival should escape none. He gave unstintingly of his time; his program was heavy but still he had time to give the boys and girls an ice cream party Sunday evening and meet them at school again the next morning; he found time to talk to many people seeking information, or simply the opportunity to talk. His parting words were: "Try to make everybody happy."

(The Barre, Vt. Daily Times)



FESTIVALS

Storrs, Conn.

A golden moon-near full-smiled down on 1200 dancers and 4500 spectators at the annual Conn. Farm and Home Week Square Dance Festival. The campus was a maze of color as the dancers whirled and spun through an evening of demonstration and general square dancing. The costumes ranged from tee-shirts to frock coats to rumba ruffles to tyrolean and Irish folk dress. And the ages of the dancers ran from John Bourne, 77, who was there from Yonkers, N.Y. to an 8 year old tot from North Stonington, Conn.

Interested onlookers included Martin Warburton, England, now working temporarily on a farm in Portland, Conn. during a stay in the United States. He said he hoped to be able to take some of the American square dances back to England. Miss Aune Pulkkinen of Finland was also very much impressed with the festival, comparing it to some of the midsummer festivals of her own land.

Some of the best callers of Conn. were there to call for the general dancing. They included: Pop Smith, Winsted; Deke Fowler, New Haven; Bob MacLean, Portland; Grover Harlow, Storrs; Bob Brundage, Stepny; and Phil Green, Springfield, Mass as guest caller. Warren Schmidt, University of Conn. directed the festival. Music for the dancing was furnished by Al Brundage's Pioneers, and before the start of the party the Stafford Springs High School Band gave a band concert.

This was the best of the many festivals here. Not only in attendance, but in the dancing ability of the participants.

Waterbury, Conn. Jamboree

A crowd estimated by police at close to 7000 spectators and dancers made a success of this city's first square dance jamboree. Sponsored by The Republican-American and the Waterbury Park Department the event was held at the big Watertown Ave. recreation area.

Long before the first dance, the stadium began filling up with hundreds of people filing into the stands in a constant stream. By 8 p.m. when the grand march got under way, the capacity of the grandstand had been reached and several thousand encircled the football field which served as a dance floor.

The music was in charge of Bob Tyrell, who also introduced the exhibitions' groups from Wolcott, Thomaston, and Bethany.

Guest callers were: Deke Fowler, New Haven; Eddie Gangloff and Charlie Dubis of Thomaston; George Barba, Branford; George Hresko, Watertown; and Bob Richardson, Torrington.

Youngest dancer participating was Bill Rogers, 11, of Wolcott, while the eldest was Charles Peniman, 65, of Cornwall.

Fifty members of the Mad River Grange headed by A.K. Warren, Master, and James Bramhall, served as a reception committee to welcome the visitors many of whom came from all parts of New England and as far away as Cleveland, Ohio.

Pittsfield, Mass. Festival

Bad weather earlier in the day and a conflict with other scheduled events cut down the attendance at the first annual Berkshire County Square

dance Festival, but it didn't dampen the enthusiasm of the 900 present.

Had the wet weather continued, it was planned to move the party to the Armory. Mother Nature came through in fine style with a fine cool evening marred only by the famous Wahconah Park mosquitoes.

Fifteen sets of dancers were ready for the first quadrille. Later, there were as many as twenty five sets taking part.

George Milne was master of ceremonies and the guest callers were: Pop Smith, Winsted, Conn.; Jim Willis, Pittsfield, Mass.; Ed Durlacher, Freeport, N.Y.; Corky Calkins, South Hadley, Mass.; and Lawrence Loy, Amherst, Mass.

While satisfied that the festival would break even, Park Superintendent Jackson J. Perry stated "It won't conflict with the GE's vacation another year, and we won't have it the same day as Fanglewood on Parade."

A great deal of credit for starting a square dance festival in the area should go to Pop Smith, Winsted, Conn. caller, who has played for weekly dances at the Armory the past season. He is the one who sold the idea to the Park Department.

Brockton Fair Festival

Brockton Fair went all out for square and folk dancing this year. Observers and participants say that the results were sensational. Throngs of people looking on at the demonstrations and taking part in the general dancing.

Saturday afternoon's program was largely devoted to young people, ranging from 6 year olds

to teen agers. On this program the following groups took part:EB Teens;Junior Hoedowners;Small Fry Hoedowners;Young People of Hingham;Junior Lithuanian Dance Group of Boston;Younger Greek Girls Dance Group of Brockton;Girl Scouts of Brockton;Yankee Whirlers. Junior callers were:Jimmy McGowan;Stuart Keith;Patty Sylvia. Senior callers were:Doris Raymond;Eva Jackson;Ted Webster.

Saturday evening was Old Fashioned Hoe Down Night with three demonstration groups:Boston YWCA;Second Congragational Church Square Dance Club of Attleboro;Satucket Barn Dancers. The rest of the evening was devoted to general dancing with the following callers:Lawrence Loy;Miss Louise Chapin;Jim & Bill Thompson;Howard Hogue;Richard Keith;Howard McGowan;Charlie Baldwin.

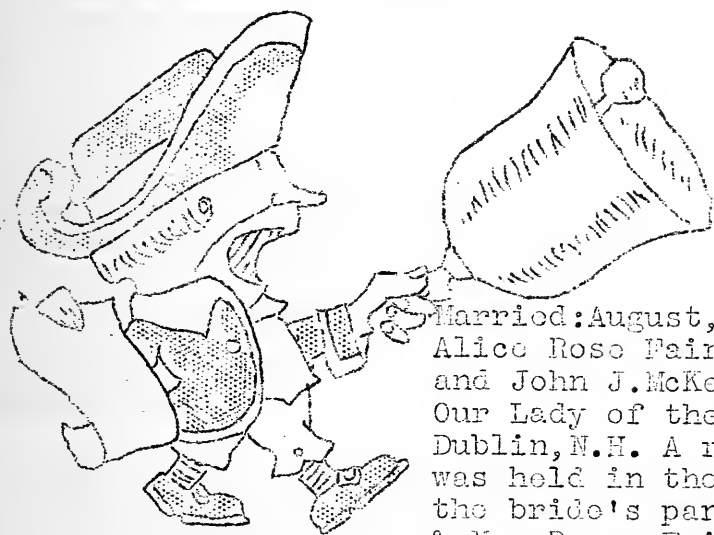
Sunday afternoon saw many international groups exhibiting:Eire Society of Boston;Miss Mary C.O'keefe,leader;Greek Girls of Brockton;Mrs Fotis Othon,leader;Garden State Dancers of New Jersey;Rod LaFarge,leader;Swedish Folk Dance Club of Boston;Axel Spongberg,leader;Pawtucket YWCA Group;John Kenyon,leader;Portugese Dance Group of Taunton;Manuel Garcia,leader;Lithuanian Dance Group,Boston;Mrs Ona Ivaska,leader;English Country Dance Society,Boston;Miss Louise Chapin, leader;Satucket Barn Dancers;Charlie Baldwin, leader;Israeli Dance Group of Boston;Judah Stone leader;Kobzars,Ukrainian-American Civic Organization of Greater Boston;Melvin J.Zelechivsky, leader;.

Music for general dancing on all programs was by The Country Dance Seranaders of Norwell, Mass.and the honorary director was Lawrence Loy Amherst,Mass.Joe Perkins,Topsfield,was another of the excellent callers for general dancing.

The dancing of the exhibition groups was of a high order of excellence. Many of the groups have been dancing for years, and several have demonstrated their dances at the New England Folk Festival in Boston in previous years.

Plenty of public participation made this a most enjoyable festival from the general public viewpoint. The more dancing for all, the more successful is a festival, and the more goodwill created. The editor of Northern Junket believes that more interest is aroused among new dancers by one small festival than in all the big regional and national affairs in the world.

THE TOWN CRIER



Married: August, 27. Miss Alice Rose Fairfield and John J. McKenna. At Our Lady of the Snows, Dublin, N.H. A reception was held in the home of the bride's parents, Mr. & Mrs. Romeo Fairfield.

Born: To Mr. & Mrs. Herman E. Glines, Wilton, N.H. July 15, a son, David Wayne.

Northern Junket recommends to all lovers of New England the new Ben Ames Williams book: "Fraternity Village". A collection of short stories intended primarily for those who have read them before, and wish to read them again.

They are arranged chronologically, the first one being written in 1919 and the last in 1940. There are some good dog stories and absorbing folk tales and plenty of good Maine talk.

Attention all lovers of folk dance camps: write to Jane Farwell, Dodgeville, Wisconsin, for information about her Christmas Camp to be held right after the holiday.

Belmont Country Dance Club started its 10th year Thursday, Oct. 6. Information about joining this group may be obtained by calling Philip Sharples 17 Farrar St. Cambridge, Mass.

Worcester, Mass. Square Dance group got underway Monday, Oct. 10th. Parties are held alternate Monday nights. For further information contact Mr. Henry Bartlett at the YMCA, Main St. Worcester. The YMCA, 140 Clarendon St. Boston, opened its regular weekly classes in American squares and contras, 7:50-8:30 Tuesday night Oct. 4. Classes this year are for 16 weeks. Register with the Health Education Department.

Want to go to a huskin'bee? Than drive down to Barnstable, Mass. Oct. 15, and start looking for red ears. The Barnstable Women's Club is staging the event with the New Haven Railroad, which is running a special train from Boston. After the bee there will be an old fashioned Cape Cod country supper and a square dance.

Eurl Ives, America's top folk singer, gave a concert before a packed house in Symphony Hall, Boston, Oct. 1.

The annual district convention of the Polish Falcons was recently held in Lawrence, Mass. The highlight of the meeting was the old Polish dances performed in costume by many of the groups. Deke Fowler, New Haven, Conn. caller is planning a two months square dance information trip in the far west and southwest.

Miss Hope Moody, of the Maine Extension Service has accepted a similar position in Wyoming. Bet she starts a square and folk dance group there.



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